

CAPITALIST MURDERED

Lawyer Patrick and the Millionaire's Servant Under Arrest.

The Valet Confessed That the Attorney Gave the Victim Poison, and He Later on Attempted Suicide in His Cell.

New York, Nov. 2.—The death of the wealthy William Marsh Rice at his Madison avenue apartments on September 23; the attempt of his New York attorney, Albert T. Patrick, to cash checks for large amounts which purported to be signed by the millionaire; the refusal of one bank to cash the checks drawn on it, and the discovery by the bank officials that Mr. Rice was lying dead at the time the checks were presented; the subsequent claim by Patrick that Mr. Rice had made him by will the trustee of his estate, which amounts to anywhere from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000; the charge of forgery, both as regards the checks and the will, placed against Patrick and Mr. Rice's valet, Charles F. Jones; the arrest of Patrick and Jones and their lodgment in jail have kept New York interested for over a month in what, by the developments of Thursday, promises to become the most celebrated of the many celebrated crimes which the courts of this city have been called on to investigate.

The first incident that led up to Thursday's climax was the fact disclosed Wednesday that Valet Jones had been taken to the district attorney's office and the subsequent rumor that he had made a confession to the authorities. Before the public had time to learn if the report of the confession was true came the more startling news that during the night Jones had in his cell in the Tombs attempted suicide by cutting his throat with a penknife given him, he says, by Attorney Patrick, also confined in the Tombs and for the purpose of getting rid of one witness to Patrick's alleged crime.

His crime according to the confession of Jones, parts of which the district attorney's office gave out Thursday was nothing less than the murder of the millionaire by Attorney Patrick and the poisoning of valuable papers relating to the estate. The taking off of Mr. Rice, says Jones, was done by the internal administration of some poison supposedly mercury, and the final application of a towel saturated with some anesthetic, presumably chloroform. That portion of the confession which has to do with the last moments of the old man is the following, given out by the authorities as coming from Jones, the scene taking place in the apartments of the millionaire and he lying sick in bed:

Rice said: "I am very nervous, Mr. Patrick. I wish you wouldn't trouble me. Please go away."

Patrick replied: "I have some salts here, Mr. Rice, that will cure your nervousness."

He produced a bottle and uncorked it. The contents smelled to me like some very strong liniment. Then Patrick said to me: "Get me a towel and a sponge."

I got him both. Then Patrick said: "Jones, you have to leave." I left. As I was leaving Patrick said: "I'll remain here until Mr. Rice gets to sleep." He closed the door behind me.

I stood in the hall for a few minutes, and soon I heard Mr. Rice laugh. I thought this was queer, so I pushed open the door. I saw Mr. Rice lying on his back in bed.

The towel that I had given Patrick was wrapped around the sponge in a cone shape. This cone was lying directly over Mr. Rice's eyes and nose.

Patrick was pressing it down with his right hand. Patrick did not see me, and, of course, Mr. Rice could not. After seeing what I had seen I went and lay on my bed.

Mr. Rice grew very sick. Patrick said to me: "Go get a doctor." I went for one. He pronounced Mr. Rice dead.

Attorney Patrick denies having furnished Jones the penknife and he also denies the statements in the confession.

Jones after his suicidal attempt was taken to Bellevue hospital hastily summoned physicians having just been in time to save him from death through loss of blood. At 8 o'clock Thursday night the hospital surgeons said he was slightly better and the chances are that in a few days he will again be returned to the Tombs.

The report from the hospital at midnight was that Jones was out of danger.

Candidate Commits Suicide.

Grand Rapids, Mich., Nov. 2.—County Treasurer Henry B. Proctor, nominated by the republicans for state senator from the 17th district, committed suicide Thursday afternoon by taking laudanum. Campaign criticism of alleged irregularities influenced his action.

Work of the Yints.

Washington, Nov. 2.—The monthly statement of the director of the mint shows the total coinage at the mints of the United States during October, 1900, to have been \$9,508,610, as follows: Gold, \$5,120,000; silver, \$4,148,000; minor coins, \$240,610.

Iron Prices Reduced.

London, Oct. 2.—In hopes of stemming American and German competition the leading iron men of Staffordshire and Worcestershire issued circulars Thursday announcing a reduction in price of 20 shillings a ton

CHINA NEEDS HELP.

Present Invasion May Prove a Blessing to the Nation.

For Centuries the Common People Have Been Robbed by Corrupt Officials—How the Empire Is Ruled.

[Special Correspondence.]

MANY thousands of good people, both in this country and Europe, are wasting an abundance of sympathy on the Chinese government. Individually the Chinese may be entitled to thoughtful consideration, but the sooner his influence for mischief as a subject of a moribund civilization is destroyed the better for himself and mankind at large.

There is no reasonable doubt that China has for more than a century had the most corrupt government with which any country has ever been cursed. From the throne down to the local tax collectors, office has been used as a means to enrich individuals at the expense of the public; and the few brave men who have now and then dared to protest openly against this universal system of spoliation were executed without trial and in the most cruel fashion.

The cabals and intrigues in the imperial palace at Peking were followed by crimes too dark for comprehension by the western mind. The voice of justice was strangled by assassin or executioner, and true patriots were "removed" by seemingly occult means. The imperial family—Tartars by descent and disposition—was back of all this horrifying injustice and made tools of the avaricious nobles appointed to rule the several provinces of the empire. The advent of "foreign devils" was, of course, viewed with alarm by the fiendish and fanatical Tartar officeholders. They were quick to see that European intervention would sooner or later put an end to their tyranny and force them to safeguard, in a measure at least, the rights of the common people.

The fear of the judgment to come caused the reactionaries to organize and support the Boxer movement. The emperor, Kwang Hsu, an easy-going and not overly-smart young man of 30 or thereabout, was kept carefully in

ing in China and governs the provinces and tributary states of Mongolia and Tibet.

The "Han-liu," or Sacred College of Learned Men, is an interesting body composed of the empire's best scholars, and to be elected to a membership in it is considered a great honor. The college controls the boards of works, ceremony, revenue, military and naval affairs, office punishment, etc. Incidentally it also examines candidates for office in their literary, artistic and scientific attainments.

From time immemorial the Chinese have been great sticklers for ceremonial etiquette, and it is consequently no surprise to learn that the board of ceremonies is one of the hardest worked departments of the

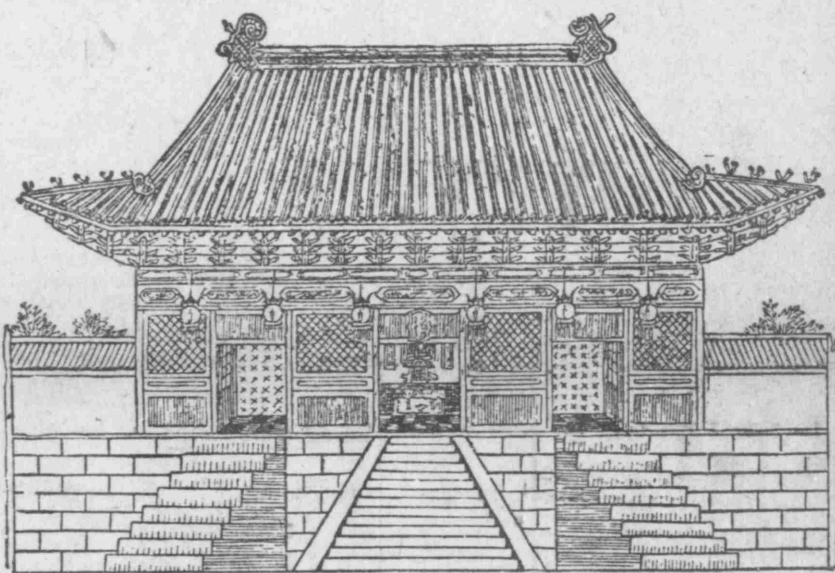


KWANG HSU, EMPEROR OF CHINA.

"Han-liu." The board of ceremonies is subdivided into a committee of etiquette, which regulates all affairs concerning marriages, funerals and public celebrations; a committee on mutual intercourse, which has charge of the reception of illustrious strangers; a chamber for the management of festivities and imperial functions, and a committee on music and the drama.

An additional body—and one, too, that wields almost autocratic power—is the "Tu-char-Yuen," or the board of censors. Its special duty is to scrutinize the works of the mandarins throughout the empire, and its word is almost law.

Each province in the empire is, in addition to these national bodies, gov-



IMPERIAL AUDIENCE HALL, PEKING, FROM A CHINESE PAINTING.

erned by a mandarin with the title of "Szuin-Fa," or viceroy. This official is a despot in his district, and possesses the sole right of approaching the throne on any matter connected with his province. The life and death of those under him are in his hands, and he is commander-in-chief of the local troops. As a sort of set-off to these immense powers his tenure of office is very insecure, and he is liable to be removed on the most trivial pretext, such as the outbreak of a riot or rebellion in his province. Suspension, moreover, is usually followed by his death at the hands of the executioner.

Under the mandarins is a horde of minor officials, such as local superintendents of taxes, provincial judges of the criminal court and educational examiners. Each of the provinces is split up into several large divisions, which are in their turn divided and subdivided almost to infinity. Each little department has its little officials, and even the smallest among them must pay a tribute to his superior.

The common people have no rights whatever. They are permitted to work so that they can pay taxes. In order to keep their places the local officials rob the day laborers and bribe the district authorities. The district authorities rob the merchants and bribe the provincial officials. The latter extort money from the landowners and hand over a part of the spoils to the mandarins. And that dignitary extorts contributions from everybody in sight and sends a fair percentage to Peking to propitiate the imperial authority there.

In many sections of China highway robbery is countenanced by the authorities. The police are given a tip not to catch members of certain gangs of highwaymen, and an officer who neglects to take such a hint finds himself without a job. Highwaymen not so protected are treated with incredible cruelty—surely a pointed lesson that it is unwise to engage in robbery without dividing the spoils with the so-called "guardians of the peace."

Nothing but a political earthquake can correct the abuses so faintly outlined here; and certainly no one who has the true interests of the Chinese at heart would argue against the introduction of reforms. Should the present occupation of Peking by the troops of Europe and America lead to a reorganization of affairs in China, the Boxer massacres, terrible as they were, would prove a blessing to civilization, not too dearly bought with the blood of scores of noble men and women.

G. W. WEIPPERT.

STAGE SNOWSTORMS.

How a Pathetic Scene in Which One Figured Was Completely Spoiled.

The stage snowstorm, as a rule, lacks variety and realism. It is as palpably unreal as the soap box ice cakes on which hunted Eliza skips uncertainly in her frenzied flight across a make-believe Ohio river in one-night stand portrayals of Harriet Beecher Stowe's exposition of bygone slave days, says the St. Louis Republic.

There is nothing convincing in a spasmodic downfall of paper snowflakes, sifted from a perforated box in the flies and enveloping the heroine in distress, while the stage to right and left and in front and behind her is as bare as a San Francisco pavement in winter.

Joseph R. Grismer, actor, playwright and stage director, has reformed all this. He thought out and perfected an ingenious device by which the snowstorm in "Way Down East" is made to look real. The snow seems to have set in to last all winter, and the wild, whirling flakes drive past the windows of the old farmhouse and drift furiously through the opened door as if blown upon the wings of a howling gale.

Mr. Grismer, skillful as he has proved himself in working up the storm in "Way Down East," was not always so successful in this sort of stage illusion. His first attempt was at Glens Falls, a one-night stand in New York, years ago, when he was playing leads to the emotional heroines of Annie Ward Tiffany. "East Lynne" was the play and Miss Tiffany conceived the idea that it would add a spice of novelty to recite "Beautiful Snow" in one of the scenes where she had the entire stage to herself. Mr. Grismer warmly approved the idea and suggested that the effect would be greatly enhanced by the introduction of an incidental snowstorm. Miss Tiffany thought the suggestion a good one, and as no reliance could be placed upon country stage hands Mr. Grismer volunteered to be responsible for the snow effects.

Providing himself with a bucketful of fine-cut paper, he mounted a tall stepladder and proceeded to sift the snow down by hand just outside the window in front of which the star was declaiming with impassioned fervor. Mr. Grismer was congratulating himself upon the superb effect he was creating when a local stage hand looked up with a grin and sarcastically remarked:

"You gosh-blamed idiot! That window ain't transparent. It's solid and painted on canvas, and the audience can't see nothing."

This fact had also dawned on Miss Tiffany, who had taken furtive peeps over her shoulder to see how hard it was snowing. She was rapidly reaching the pathetic climax of the poem. In a frenzied aside she whispered to Mr. Grismer: "I'll throw open the door; let the snow come down there!"

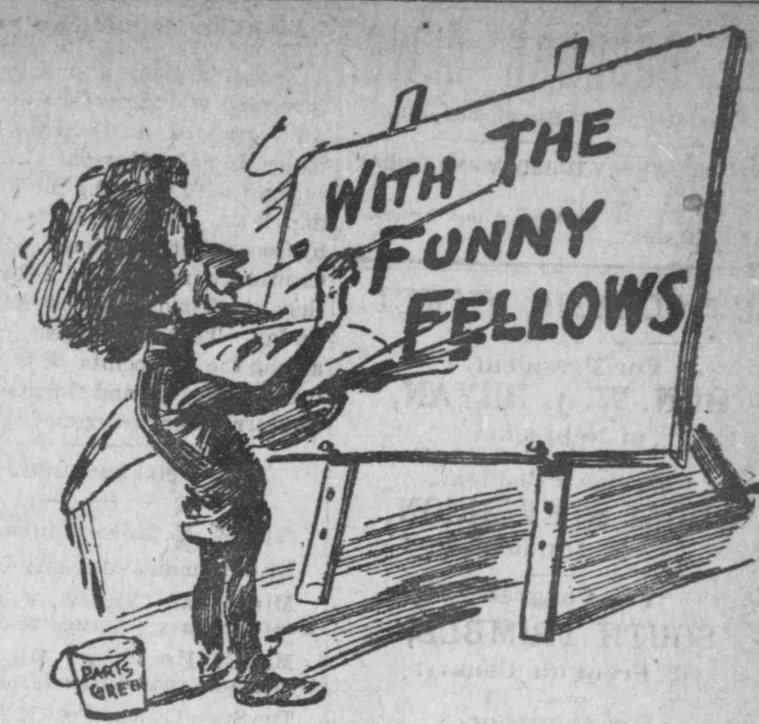
Grismer frantically shifted the ladder so it would be nearer the door, but Miss Tiffany an instant later flung the door open with such violence the ladder was upset, and down came Grismer, snow, bucket and all, in full sight of the audience. There was a yell of derision as the fallen leading man picked himself up and the curtain was hastily rung down amid a tumult of laughter.

TRIPLE WINDOW OPENINGS.

A Good Arrangement for the Admission of Light and Air.

Some of the decorators' ideas in the use of windows are very effective. They may be adopted in old houses without the expense of throwing out a bay window, all that is required for a series of windows being the insertion of a row of openings along one side of the room, narrow frames alone separating the different sashes. The triple window may be made by grouping two extra ones beside one already in the room. If the room is in a corner a very effective arrangement is secured by putting windows on each side of the corner. A seat may then be run across the angle and cushioned and upholstered with cretonne or some other handsome fabric, says the Washington Star.

A very effective use of windows was recently made in a small house whose little parlor was hopelessly cheerless, with an unattractive outlook on a busy city street. It happened to be a corner room, with a window narrow and modern at each side of the corner. The shadows of the houses on either side kept the room gloomy even at midday. It happened that the tenant was of some years' standing and the landlord was willing to humor the lady of the house when the suggestion was made to let more light into the room. The housewife obtained an idea of what she wanted from the decorator and succeeded in inducing the landlord to let him put the design into execution. This is what was done: The side windows were widened toward the corner, at which point two wide windows were put in, leaving space for a broad wooden panel between. A shelf and panels were put under the windows. Tiny diamond-shaped panes of tinted glass were set in the frames, which were so fixed that either the upper or lower sash could be swung back on a hinge. This in summer admitted a great deal more fresh air than would have been possible with an ordinary window. Above the windows was stretched a rich portiere that fell in long, graceful folds to the floor. Ruffled Swiss curtains were draped on one side of each window. Opposite the center of the windows stood a small table, on which was set a fancy china lamp, covered with a tinted shade.



His Opinion.

"Do you think that it is a man's duty to acknowledge always he is in the wrong when he has a difference of opinion with his wife?"

"Well," answered Mr. Meekton, reflectively, "better late than never. But it really seems to me he ought to have had sufficient perception to know that he was in the wrong before there was any discussion of the matter whatever."—Washington Star.

His Sense of Pride.

"Henrietta," said Mr. Meekton, "there is one request which I should like to make of you."

"What is it?"

"If I get to acting a little bit overbearing don't notice it. At any rate, don't hold it up against me. You see, every once in awhile I get to thinking of the fact that I am Henrietta Meekton's husband, and I can't help feeling just a mite naughty."—Washington Star.

Cause of His Sorrow.

Judge—You are charged with breaking a chair over your wife's head. What excuse have you to offer for such an act?

Prisoner—I'm very sorry, your honor, but I did it in a moment of anger.

Judge—And you now regret your hasty action, I suppose.

Prisoner—I do, indeed, judge. That chair cost me seven dollars.—Chicago Daily News.

The Good Time in the Morning.

No use weepin' w'en de sun don't shine; Keep all de mo'ners in de hopeful line; Good time comin' on de road we gwine; Good time comin' in de mawnin'.

No use in weepin' on de rocky way; Black sky showin' er de rainbow ray; Light is a-breakin'; hit'll soon be day—Good time comin' in de mawnin'.

—Atlanta Constitution.

FEMINE LOGIC.



He—Already another new dress? And I've been losing so much money in my business!

She—Just for that reason, dear! You told me not to let anybody notice that you're in trouble.—Flegende Blaetter.

Same Old Thing.

There's no fresh wisdom, but from day to day Man thinks the same old thoughts in some new way.

—Chicago Record.

Brevity.

"Way is brevity considered the soul of wit?" asked the man who asks foolish questions.

"Because," answered the man who makes foolish answers, "when a man is short he is much more likely to be acute. Nothing stimulates mental activity like needing the money."—Washington Star.

Where It Ended.

"The man who wrote 'Home, Sweet Home' was a bachelor, I believe," she said.

"Yes," he replied, "what a beautiful thing would have been lost to the world if he had married before he wrote it."

Then they came out from behind the palms.—Chicago Times-Herald.

More Serious.

Askit—What ever became of that patient of yours you were telling me about last spring?

Dr. Sokum—Oh, he's got a complaint now that's giving me a great deal of trouble.

Askit—Indeed? What is it?

Dr. Sokum—It's a complaint about the amount of my bill.—Philadelphia Press.

An Unfailing Test.

Foreign Visitor—Is that college a really fine educational institution?

American (proudly)—Is it? I should say it was. They've got the most idiotic college yell to be heard in the whole country, sir—yes, sir.—N. Y. Weekly.

Evidently.

Warwick—Mohammed's idea was that the church should advance by means of warfare.

Wickwar—Ah, he'd have the choir and minister quarreling all the time, would he?—Judge.

A Question of Degree.

Mr. Broadway—Then you are a widow.

Mrs. Gay-Wabash—Why do you think so?

Mr. Broadway—You spoke just now of your "late husband."

Mrs. Gay-Wabash—O, you are mistaken. I spoke of my latest husband.—Harlem Life.

WHAT SPURRED HIM ON.



"Hay! I thought the doctor had forbidden your beer drinking!"

"Yes, so he thought. But he didn't know the kind of a man he was dealing with. Opposition brings out all my latent determination."—Meggenador fer Blaetter.

This Is True.

Some have no respect for truth. And frequently abuse it. While others have all due respect. But very seldom use it.

—Chicago Daily News.

A Musical Instrument.

"Tin Peddler (who has met with an accident)—What vill I do now? Effery wheel of my wagon is broke. Boarder (consoling)—Leave the tins in the wagon just as it is and perhaps you can sell it to one of the boarding-house keepers for a piano.—N. Y. Weekly.

This Comes from England.

"Waiter, bring me a couple of soft-boiled eggs."

Voice (at next table)—The same for me. But, waiter, be sure they are fresh.

"All right."

Waiter's voice in the distance—Four soft-boiled eggs; two must be fresh.—Tit-Bits.

Where He Sold Them.

Mr. Raisem—Yes, we get good prices for our cabbages, but we have to haul them so far there is no money in it.

Mr. Quizzit—But I thought you were within a square of the market.

Mr. Raisem—The market? Oh, yes. But the tobacco factory is two miles away.—Baltimore American.

Unsympathetic.

He complained of a terrible, ghastly pain in his statey dome of thought. And he knew that her sympathy he would gain.

If she loved him as she ought. But, alas, for the throbbing in his head, his horrors were not allayed. When that unsympathetic maiden said: "Tis nought but an aching void."

—Harlem Life.

ANOTHER VIEW OF IT.



Woman (asking alms)—Please, sir, pity a poor woman, the mother of ten children.

Man—Pity you! Mother of ten children! Why, woman, in this age that is something to be proud of.—Harlem Life.

An Orator's Impression.

A sense of pride my soul enfolds. I smile with kindling eye To think my one small larinx holds The whole vox populi!

—Washington Star.

Deceived.

"I hear that you bought a gold brick down to the city, Uncle Reuben," said a resident of Clover township to a returned traveler.

"That's what the feller said it was," replied Uncle Reuben, ruefully, "but it turned out to be brass."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.